

10  
MY  
**GRAND-MOTHER.**

A  
**BALLAD FARCE,**

IN  
**TWO ACTS.**

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*Written by Mr. HOARE,*

*Author of The DOCTOR AND APOTHECARY, The PRIZE,  
The PURSE, The CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, &c.*

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D U B L I N :

PRINTED BY T. M'DONNEL, No. 50, ESSEX-STREET.

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1795.



## Dramatis Personae.

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### MEN.

Sir MATHEW MEDLEY.

VAPOUR.

SOUFFRANCE.

WOODLY.

*Waiter.*

*Servant.*

GOSSIP.

### WOMEN.

CHARLOTTE.

FLORELLA.







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M Y

# GRAND-MOTHER.

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A C T I.

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S C E N E I.

*The inside of an Inn. (Ringing and violent noise, and calling Waiter, &c).*

*Enter Waiter, running across the Stage.*

*Waiter.*

**H**OLLO! hollo! here's the devil to pay.—  
Hollo! Mr. Souffrance!

*Enter SOUFFRANCE, with a bit of chicken on a fork, and a napkin under his arm.*

*Souff.* Vel, vel, vat is de matter, dat I cannot eat my little bit of shicken in quiet?

*Wait.* The matter! damn it, the devil's the matter, I believe! Don't you hear? (*Noise again*). The house will be about your ears in a moment.

*Souff.* Ah! c'est mon maitre, 'tis my master; est ce la?

*Wait.* Why what in the devil's name ails your master?

*Souff.* Do you not know what ail my master ? I tell a you, my dear friend—he is vimfical.

*Wait.* Whimfical ?

*Souff.* Yes ; but he be verry good master, for all dat, ven he is not in his vims. Ma foi, he is vat you call vimfical, I tell you : ven he is disappoint, he is in rage ; den he vill go vor soldier ; he be von mason, carpenter, bricklayer, ploughman.

*Wait.* Ploughman !

*Souff.* Oui.—'Tis his imagination.—He be vat you call hypocondriack. De oder day he pick up a picture of a young lady at de masquerade, and he fall in love of it. (*Noise again*). Oh, dis is ver bad vim ; now I cannot go talk to him. Here, take dis fork, my dear friend, ve must put all dese tings out of de vay.

*Wait.* Whim ! Damme, I'll put myself out of his way : these whimsical people may have a whim of knocking one's brains out, and think nothing of them. *Exit.*

*Enter VAPOUR.*

*Vap.* (*as he enters*). Take that black cat out of the room.

*Souff.* Mon cher maitre, for Heaven's sake——

*Vap.* Let me go, I say. I will, I tell you I will drown myself.

*Souff.* Comment !

*Vap.* Yes, I'll drown myself : there's the finest pond in the world out in the garden.

*Vap.* Vor Heaven's sake, mon cher monsieur, a va de patience : be more patient ven you are in dese nervous vits, ma foi.

*Vap.* I am a fool—an afs—a blockhead—and an idiot.

*Souff.* Eh ! bien ! I do not say one vord to de contrair ; but vor vat you drown a yourself ? You are so vond of die, if it vas not vor me, se ne poits pas pour moi, you kill yourself twenty time.

*Vap.*

*Vap.* Psha ! mere trifles ! But this—I will drown myself. (*Going*).

*Souff.* Tenez eoutez : vil you not remember ven your dear mamma die—ah, alas ! you never live more ; you fling yourself into de bed ; never get up again, never, never ; nobody care no more for you ; nobody left in de world. Den you fancy you vas all de tings in the world : you vas de medecine, you vas de clerk ; den you vas de sexton ; den de coffin ; den you vas de great church bell, and you beat your head wid de clapper, bang, bang, bang. (*Strikes his head*).

*Vap.* Psha ! I know that was all nonsense ; but now I have reason, Souffrance, cool reason on my side.

*Souff.* Den vat you drown yourself vor ?

*Vap.* What's that to you ? you are my servant, and have no right to inquire ; and yet you know, Souffrance, as well as I do. That I should be such a fool ! I who made a vow never to think of a woman living !

*Souff.* Oh, dat was fool indeed : c'etoit l'une veritable folie.

*Vap.* That I should fall in love with a picture, found by accident at a masquerade, which perhaps represents nobody, and there's no such person in the world ! and yet I am over head and ears in love !

*Souff.* Eh bien ! dat is better dan be over head and ears in de pond. Who knows but you may vind de original by de same hazard as you vind de copie ?

*Vap.* Never, never, Souffrance. (*Takes the picture out of his pocket*). Look at those eyes ! there's a mouth !

*Souff.* Oui.

*Vap.* What a nose !

*Souff.* Oui.

*Vap.* And there's a countenance !

*Souff.* C'est vrai.

*Vap.* What expression !

*Souff.* C'est vrai.

*Vap.*



*Vap.* I will drown my self.

*Souff.* Fi donc, fi donc, monsieur! Vat, un gentilhomme comme vous! sa bien fait! sa bien instruit! accompl's—

*Vap.* Hold your tongue, Souffrance; if you talk of all those things you'll give me a pain over my eyes—you know you will; you have made me quite nervous by contradicting me—don't I look pale?

*Souff.* No, monsieur, you don't look pale at all.

*Vap.* I feel quite faint and weak.—I have no more strength than a mouse.

*Souff.* 'Tis all fancy.

*Vap.* You lie, you scoundrel—'tis no fancy.—  
(*Strikes him*).

*Souff.* I am glad dere are not many such mice about de house. Ah, bien ayez, drown yourself; but if I vas in your place I would sooner—

*Vap.* What would you do?

*Souff.* I would not drown myself, I would sooner drown de picture in de pond.

*Vap.* Drown the picture! an excellent thought! I will, my dear Souffrance; you are the best friend I have in the world; I am quite vexed that I should chastise you so much lately: there's my black and blue coats, take them for the beating,—and my striped waistcoat, for the caning.

*Souff.* Mais, monsieur, vat you give a me to cover my disgrace for de kick a behind you gave a me?

*Vap.* Why, take the pantaloon breeches. I'll do as you advise me: I'll go directly—No, do you go, Souffrance, I shall never have the heart to fling it in the water myself; do you take it.

*Souff.* Yes, dat I vill, vid all my heart.

*Vap.* (*holding it*). Take it.

*Souff.* I varrant you it shall not rise again.

*Vap.* That's right, Souffrance; choose the deepest part of the pond.

*Souff.* Never fear me. Now dis is like yourself again.

*Vap.* Away with it directly then.

*Souff.*

*Souff.* Oui ; mais laisser le done : you must let it go den ; give it me. Ma foi ! 'tis set in gold and diamond, sir ! take care you never see it any more.

*Vap.* Stay : on second thoughts I won't fling it into the water—no, no—there's more philosophy in getting the better of my folly, which I'll do. *(Takes back the picture, and puts into his pocket).* Souffrance, I'll go to my friend, Sir Mathew Medley ; 'tis but a few miles further ; get the horses ready.

*Souff.* Oui, monsieur, I vill ; but vill, but vill ye let dem finish der little corn. I cannot find de time to eat my little bit of shicken my self.—*(Aside).*

*Vap.* Corn ! plague of their corn ! Why did you not give 'em it yesterday ? Sir Mathew has expected me these two days, and must wonder what's become of me. Get the horses out, and let's be off.

*Souff.* Mais, monsieur, you cannot go dat figure.

*Vap.* My figure will do very well.—Fetch the horses—I will go this instant.

*Souff.* Vat ! vid your garters about your knees ; your beard so long ; you must be shav'd.

*Vap.* Psha ! it will take me an hour to get a barber.

*Souff.* Mais, monsieur, der is Mr. Gossip de wait for you dis hour and half in de passage, by your own appoint.

*Vap.* Send him in, then, directly ; I'll be shaved here.—And, in the mean time, go and get the horses out, I am impatient to be gone to Sir Mathew's. Souffrance.

*Souff.* Monsieur.

*Vap.* How could I be such a fool ? Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Souff.* Upon my vord I cannot guess ; ha ! ha !  
Oh, here is de barber. *Exit.*

*Enter*

*Enter GOSSIP, with things for shaving.*

*Vap.* Come, make haste, my friend, and shave me, I am all impatience to go to Sir Mathew's.—  
(Sits):

*Gossip.* I'll trim you, Sir, in a minute.

*Vap.* Now don't prate, but shave me.

*Gossip.* I won't speak, Sir. I have shav'd your honour's father, Heaven bless him, good man! I don't know any gentleman I'd sooner take by the nose.—I whipp'd the beard off his chin every morning for twenty years, when he lived in this part of the country.

*Vap.* Come, come, don't talk to me of my father's nose and chin now.

*Gossip.* I shall have more pleasure in taking off your beard than you can imagine, Sir; I feel a regard for every hair of your face.

*Vap.* Come, come, make haste. (*Impatiently*).

*Gossip.* In a moment, Sir. (*pulling out his razor, and whetting it*). Have you heard of the news, Sir?

*Vap.* No, no, nor wish to hear it.

*Gossip.* There is some great event likely to happen soon; I sha'n't fail to foretel it—at least by the time it does happen—for you must know, Sir, you'll excuse me for saying it, I'm a bit of a star-gazer, an almanack maker, a kind of a Poor Robin.

*Vap.* Damn it! I did not send for a Poor Robin, I wanted a barber.

*Gossip.* I'm not only a barber, Sir, but a man of many callings.

*Vap.* Be a man of few words.—You're enough to make one mad!

*Gossip.* Don't be angry, Sir.—Your good father did not use to treat me in this manner.—My shaving brush was like a charm to him. (*Strops his razor*). Dicky Gossip, he would say, Dicky Gossip you are my Barbaratio; he used to call me his Barbaratio; he——

*Vap.*



## II

*Vap.* Come, come, your razor must be sharp by this time, if it is good for any thing.

*Gossip.* Good, Sir! I'll make it as smooth as fatten; you shall but feel it like the wind.

*Vap.* Like the East wind, I suppose, that cuts one's face in two.

*Gossip.* Very well said indeed, Sir. No, no, not the east wind. (*Puts the cloth under his chin*). Your good father set me up in this town, where I continue my several vocations; though Mr. Overset would fain have carried me the other day to France; but I wash my hands of them—No, says I, Old England for me, as neighbour Wheatsheaf says—Damn it, says he, If I could not muster a gun, I'd stand up with a pitchfork, to serve the King and Constitution, and lead the life I've done.

*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* Master Gossip, master Gossip, you must come home directly, there's a fire at the grocer's in your street.

*Gossip* (*sitting down*). Aye, I told 'em so, in my almanack, that there would be a fire some time this month—I saw it in the sky.

*Vap.* (*rises*). So, now, I'm not to be shaved till this fire's out.

*Gossip.* Not shav'd, Sir! I know my duty better: please to sit down, Sir.

*Vap.* Now this fellow will make me so nervous for the whole day, that I sha'n't be able to compose myself for Sir Mathew's.

*Gossip.* Be pleased to sit down, Sir.

*Vap.* I have been expected there these two days, and now I must put off my visit.

*Gossip.* I will not leave you, Sir, till I have trimm'd you.

*Vap.* That I should have lost the whole day yesterday in gazing on a picture!

*Gossip.* Be pleased to sit down, Sir.

*Vap.*

*Vap.* Oh my folly! (*sits down*). Damme, why don't you shave me?

*Gossip.* Either now or by and by, as you please, Sir; I have variety of business on my hands.

*Vap.* Zounds, fellow, am I to sit here for ever? Shave me directly.

*Gossip.* Very well, Sir. (*To the waiter*).—Tell neighbour Treacle that I can't come just now.—There's no fear of my house being burnt. [*Exit Waiter.*] I'll just step and fetch a little warm water, Sir, and then——(*Going*).

*Enter SOUFFRANCE.*

*Souff.* Monsieur, de horses be ready.

*Vap.* Then I'll set out directly.

*Gossip.* But you'll let me trim you first.

*Vap.* Damme, get out of my way, or I'll trim you! I'd rather singe my beard with a salamander, than sit here all day long to hear your prating.—Come, Souffrance, let us begone directly.

*Souff.* Oui; but, monsieur——

*Vap.* I tell you I'll go directly, so come along.

[*Exit with cloth on, followed by SOUFF.*]

*Gossip.* But you have got my napkin, Sir.

*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* Master Gossip, you must come directly, or you're undone. *Exit.*

*Gossip.* But my napkin is——

*Re-enter SOUFFRANCE.*

*Souff.* Come dis way, maitre Gossip, you shall have my master in de next room.

*Re-enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* Master Gossip, you must come directly; don't you consider the fire?

*Souff.*

*Souff.* Don't forget de vater.

*Wait.* Remember the fire is——

*Souff.* De vater——

*Wait.* The fire——

*Souff.* Vat, is dere no vater on de fire?

*Wait.* No: there is no water to be got.

*Souff.* Den how is my master to be got shav'd?

*Wait.* If you don't come directly your house will be about your ears.

*Souff.* If you don't come directly my master vil cut a your ears off.

*Gossip.* Oh my poor ears!

*Souff.* Come along vid de vater.

*Wait.* Come along to the fire.

*Re-enter VAPOUR, with the cloth on, and seizes GOSSIP by the collar.*

*Vap.* Come you rascal till to-morrow.

*[Exeunt—VAP. hauling off  
GOSS. who roars out.]*

## SCENE II.

*A Garden.*

*Enter FLORELLA.*

A I R.—FLORELLA.

*Are ye fair as op'ning roses?*

*Tender maidens, ah, beware!*

*When its bloom the heart discloses,*

*Love will find a dwelling there.*

*Prudence then in vain opposes:*

*Youth is never wise as fair.*

B

*Enter*



Enter WOODLY.

*Wood.* Oh, Miss Florella, still in masquerade?

*Flor.* Don't talk to me of masquerade, I shall never hear the last of it. Well, Mr. Woodly, fighting and dying, as usual, for my cousin Charlotte?

*Wood.* If I find Sir Mathew as well disposed to me to-day as he has hitherto been, I am resolved on speaking to him.

*Flor.* Summon your spirits, and speak boldly to Charlotte: yonder she is walking over the lawn.

*Wood.* I dare not: she has forbid me to walk with her this morning, and I want courage to resist her commands.

A I R.—WOODLY.

*Cruel fair, who secret anguish  
Can with wanton pride impart,  
Can'st thou see a lover languish,  
Sporting with his faithful heart!  
Her let ev'ry beauteous maiden,  
Her let ev'ry constant swain,  
With her Woodly's fate upbraiding,  
Banish from the smiling plain.*

*Exit.*

*Flor.* Poor Woodly, I pity him from my heart! Oh, here is his tormentress.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

*Char.* Why for ever in that masquerade dress, Florella?

*Flor.* Because I like it.

*Char.* How can you be so ridiculous, cousin?

*Flor.* How can you be so formal, cousin?

*Char.* Sacrifice the dignity of the sex?

*Flor.*

*Flor.* Oh, that's recovered by a good fortune and a good husband.

*Char.* You mean, then, to propose yourself to Mr. Vapour?

*Flor.* No, I do not, indeed; but I mean to make him propose himself to me, and then, to support the dignity of the sex, I'll pretend to refuse him for a quarter of an hour.

*Char.* You are a giddy mad-cap.

*Flor.* Why, would you have me keep a poor man dangling for an age, as you have Woodly? I wonder at his patience.

*Char.* Nay, there is more reason in doing so, than running at once into his arms——

*Flor.* Which he has been holding out to you these two years; you need not have run very fast to reach them by this time.

*Char.* You never was in company, you say, with Mr. Vapour?

*Flor.* Yes, I was a whole evening; and his eyes, my dear Charlotte——

*Char.* Aye, his eyes to be sure.

*Flor.* Express all the fascinating charms he possesses.

*Char.* That evening, I think, was at the masquerade of Lord Domino.—Upon my word, Florella, I must say that was a childish trick, and I am not surprised that your uncle, Sir Mathew, should be so angry with you.

*Flor.* Why won't you let me go to him and beg his pardon at once?

*Char.* Oh, his head is too full of his new varnish at present.—I know my father, Sir Mathew Medley, better than you do: no man's temper is more easy, when taken at a proper season; but his head is crowded, like a news-paper, with fifty different things at a time, and in as much confusion as your work-bag.—He has not spoken of you, and, of course, has not thought of you, for these four days; but when last he recollected you, he was quite in a rage.

*Flor.* What, only for going to a private masquerade?

*Char.* From which you confess returning home with loss of your heart, and of your picture, which Sir Mathew had entrusted to you.

*Flor.* My heart, indeed, I did lose, and scarcely know how it was stolen; but as to the miniature—

*Char.* Hey day! what next?

*Flor.* I laid that purposely in Vapour's way, and I saw him pick it up, and I am in such hopes—

*Char.* That he should have fallen in love with you, by seeing your picture.

*Flor.* He seemed so delighted with my company, that he attended to no one else the whole evening; but I saw him look at the picture with such raptures, I could have found in my heart to unmask, and shew the original—if I had not recollected the dignity of the sex, my dear grave cousin!

*Char.* Oh, Florella! Florella! (*laughs*).

*Flor.* Well, now, what do you laugh at?

*Char.* Why, besides the absurdity of the scheme, do you not recollect that your portrait was drawn in that strange dress in the salloon, to humour a whim of Sir Mathew, because you so exactly resembled that picture?

*Flor.* Yes, it was so.

*Char.* Then your love must have a singular discernment, if, after all, he pays his addresses to you, who have introduced yourself to his acquaintance under a mask, and put your picture into his hands, as a beauty of the last century.—But I must go in, to wait for Mr. Vapour's arrival: do you go to your chamber till I send for you.

*Flor.* Do speak for me soon to my uncle; and if Vapour arrives, I must come to see him.

*Char.* Well, well, I'll manage for you as well as I can. *Exit.*

*Flor.* Bless me, I cannot see why I should be so scolded for going to a masquerade.—Dear, delightful mask, to you I owe all the delights I ever experienced.

A I R.



## AIR.—FLORELLA.

*On the lightly sportive wing,  
 At pleasure's call we fly ;  
 Hark ! they dance, they play, they sing,  
 In merry, merry revelry.  
 Hark ! the taber's lively beat,  
 Hark ! the flutes in numbers sweet,  
 Fill the night  
 With delight  
 At the masquerade.*

## II.

*Beneath this mask what tender woes  
 We often hear reveal'd,  
 Secure, that, while the bosom glows,  
 Our blushes lie conceal'd !  
 Let the grave ones warn us as they may,  
 Of ev'ry harmless joy afraid,  
 While we're young and we're gay,  
 Let us frolic and play  
 At the masquerade.*

## III.

*Hither trips along a beau so smart, dear heart !  
 Pretty lass, this way ; soft, soft, stay here ; my  
 dear !  
 'Tis a favour, Sir, I must deny ; O fie !  
 Can I trust you ? What ! alone with you ? adieu !  
 Then amid the crowd we mix again,  
 And join the motley train.*

## SCENE III.

*A Room in Sir MATHEW's House, with pictures; at one part a picture of a Lady in a fancy dress, a harp in hand, as playing, and covered with green curtains.*

*Enter Sir MATHEW and CHARLOTTE.*

*Sir M.* Vapour is not arrived yet, my dear Charlotte.

*Char.* So, the wind is shifting in that quarter.

*Sir M.* 'Tis strange he should not come. John, tell the gardiner to drive these ducks back to the lake. No news to-day—three mails due—sad suspense. Well, how does my new varnish succeed? Egad, I wonder that there has been no message from Vapour; 'tis two days since he promised to be here, is it not?

*Char.* Young men of this age seldom keep any appointment accurately, except those of love.

*Sir M.* No, no, I am not afraid of Vapour's falling in love, but he may have fallen from his horse: he made a resolution, you know, never to think of love.

*Char.* Aye, aye, we shall see how long that resolution will hold at five-and-twenty.

*Sir M.* How lucky it was, my dear, that he did not come yesterday, before I had new varnished my pictures! Egad this varnish is an excellent restorer of lost beauty.

*Char. (aside).* So, the varnish takes its turn again—he'll want to varnish me next.

*Sir M.* Did not you tell me, yesterday, you had a favour to beg of me, for a person you wished to introduce to me?

*Char.* Yes; but your head was so running on the new varnish——

*Sir M.* Since that door was closed, the symmetry of this room is singularly striking.

*Char.*

*Char.* Yes ; and you must now go half round the house to get into the next room.

*Sir M.* I wish we could hear something of the poor sufferers at the fire on Tuesday.—Frequent fires of late. That picture looks admirably there, and with another coat of varnish——Oh that's a wonderful secret !

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Vapour, Sir.

*Exit.*

*Enter VAPOUR.*

*Sir M.* Mr. Vapour, I have thought of nothing but your arrival these two whole days past : how are you, my dear Mr. Vapour ?

*Vap.* Sir Mathew, your most obedient ; madam, your's. (*Bows*).

*Sir M.* Oh, that bow reminds me of the good man, your father ! Well, you saw fine crops as you rode along. I must take you away to shew you my improvements. Do you know, my dear, this young gentleman's father used to be very fond of pictures.—(*To CHAR.*) But what, you seem melancholy !—(*To VAP* )

*Vap.* Oh dear, I was never in better spirits ; do I look melancholy, Sir Mathew ?

*Sir M.* Yes, you do indeed.

*Vap.* Then I am certainly going to have the jaundice ! I am going to be very ill !

*Sir M.* We shall have a full moon at the races, I believe ; where's my almanack ?

*Vap.* Do I look ill, madam ?

*Char.* I should think, by your countenance, that you were in love.

*Vap.* Oh dear ! that would be a good jest indeed. No : if I look ill, it is a symptom of a liver complaint.

*Char.* A complaint of the heart you mean.

*Vap.*



*Vap.* No, in the liver I assure you.—Oh! I know it must be in the liver. I really flattered myself I had been in pretty good health; but now I know I shall have an ague, or St. Anthony's fire—the bile, or an attack on my chest, very shortly: do I look bilious, hectic, or cadaverous, Sir Mathew?

*Sir M.* No, no—you are the picture of health.

*Vap.* Then I shall die of a plethora.

*FLORELLA peeps behind.*

*Char. (to her).* Take care, my dear girl, your uncle will see you.

*Flor.* I must come in to take a peep at Mr. Vapour. *Retires.*

*Vap.* I certainly feel a lightness on my lungs (*bems*): I am certainly going into a consumption.

*Sir M.* A number of bankrupts, my dear Vapour, in the last Gazette.—But perhaps you like to stay and see the pictures: you have a little love for a picture.

*Vap.* How! love for a picture! The devil! has he discovered my folly (*aside*).

*Sir M.* There is a Diana of Titian—there are some sheep, by Rosa of Tivoli—a landscape, by Vasper—Mutius Scævola, by Sebastian Bourden—and this by——

*Vap. (seeing the picture of the lady in the Turkish dress).* How! What! Mercy on me, this is the very identical face and dress which is represented in the miniature in my pocket. For Heaven's sake, Sir Mathew, let me intreat you, as you value my happiness, and by the friendship that ever subsisted between our families——

*Sir M.* Hey day! here is some new compliments! My dear Mr. Vapour what's the matter?

*Vap.* I feel a fluttering at my heart; [*FLOR. appears at the side.*] its certainly in love; pray step this way, that I may speak with you.

*Char. (to FLOR.)* Begone, child.

*Exit CHAR. and FLOR.*

*Sir M.*

*Sir M.* Take my arm ; you shall go and walk ; it will refresh you after your journey.

*Vap.* Perhaps so ; but pray, Sir Mathew, inform me whom that portrait represents.

*Sir M.* Eh ! what ! do you like this ? you think it a pretty face, do you ?

*Vap.* Pretty ! never did beauty such as this illumine the earth.

*Sir M.* Nay, nay, this is too much ; to be sure our family is none of the plainest : I remember at the exhibition last year——

*Vap.* Is this any of your family, Sir Mathew ? How happy should I be to be introduced to her.

*Sir M.* Why, faith, I could not conveniently introduce you to her at present. I long to take you a walk, to shew you my pinks and carnations.

*Vap.* That's a part of your family, then, that I have never seen.

*Sir M.* No, nor I either ; and, what's more, I have not any desire to see her.

*Vap.* How different from my feelings ! May I beg to know the name of that angelic lady ?

*Sir M.* What angelic lady ? Why, don't you know who she is ?

*Vap.* No, who is she ?

*Sir M.* My grand-mother.

*Vap.* Your grand-mother ! Confusion ! Pray Sir, is your grand-mother living ?

*Sir M.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! a good question.—No : if she was—let me see—She would be, were she alive now, exactly one hundred and twenty six.—My grand-mother alive ! Lord ! Lord ! how that varnish is sunk in. (*Continues to go round the Room, with his back to VAP. who remains attentively looking at the grand-mother's picture*). This, you must know——(*Turns round and perceives VAP. on the other side of the Room*). Eh ! what ! taken root there ! Egad he's looking on my new varnish : he wants to steal the secret. Mr. Vapour, Mr. Vapour.

*Vap.* There's nothing like it in the world.

*Sir M.*

*Sir M.* Oh ! that's my new varnish.—No, there is nothing like it in the world. Come, Mr. Vapour.

*Vap.* I ask your pardon, Sir Mathew, I had forgot myself.

*Sir M.* Egad, you seem to have forgot me, too. You're struck with this picture ; but I could shew you twenty others, which will fetch that out of your head.

*Vap.* Not twenty thousand would effect it.

*Sir M. (aside).* I wish he would not be so long smelling at my varnish.

*Vap.* Did your grand-mother live here, Sir ?

*Sir M.* My grand-mother ? to be sure : where should she live ?

*Vap.* Very true.—A family estate like your's——

*Sir M.* I'll just draw the curtain over these pictures, for fear of the sun and dust, and then I'll attend you to the garden. (*Draws the curtain over the picture*).

*Vap. (looking at it).* Did she sing, Sir ?

*Sir M.* Sing ! aye ; the whole family were all musical ?

*Vap.* Did she play on the guittar, Sir ?

*Sir M.* Who ?

*Vap.* Your grand-mother.

*Sir M.* Egad you seem to have taken a strange liking to my grand-mother. Come, we'll take a walk : you shall see the gold and silver fish in my new pond. (*Aside*). He want's not only to steal my varnish, but my grand-mother into the bargain.

*Exit.*

*Vap.* S'death ! that a man should arrive at years of discretion, and fall in love with an old fellow's grand-mother.

### SONG.—VAPOUR,

*Ah me ! I am left and forlorn !*

*No hope can my anguish assuage !*

*For,*



*For, alas ! long before I was born,*

*My fair one had died of old age !*

*Ah, lack-a-day !*

*Oh, well-a-day, well-a-day !*

*Lack-a-day !*

*For, alas ! long before I was born,*

*My fair one had died of old age !*

*Ah, well-a-day !*

*Oh, lack-a-day !*

*Dismal day, oh !*

*Why, time, should'st thou be so uncouth ?*

*Why wither her beauties divine ?*

*Why rob her of every tooth,*

*Before I had cut one of mine ?*

*Ah, well-a-day, &c.*

*At night to her tomb I'll repair ;*

*To echo my sorrows impart ;*

*Cut a lock of her lovely grey hair,*

*And the ringlet shall twine on my heart.*

*Ah, well-a-day, &c.*

*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

## A C T II.

## SCENE I.

*A Garden.**Enter CHARLOTTE and WOODLY.**Woodly.*

**N**AY, my dear Charlotte——  
*Char.* Fie, Woodly, why would you torment me  
 so? I have before told you my resolution,

AIR.—CHARLOTTE.

*Full twenty times you've heard my mind,  
 You're not the man I hope to find,  
 Or can for life approve;  
 In spite of all that you can say,  
 I'm still inclin'd to answer nay,  
 And never think of love.*

*Give o'er your teasing, 'tis in vain;  
 From me your suit will nothing gain;  
 My will you'll never move.  
 When I resign my hand and heart,  
 I'll have a lad gay, brisk, and smart  
 Or never think of love.*

*Exit WOOD.**Enter FLORELLA.*

*Char.* Well, Florella, how have you been em-  
 ployed during our dinner?

*Flor.*

*Flor.* Gossip, the carpenter, has been at work, by my instructions, and we have contrived it all to admiration—it cannot fail of success.

*Char.* What success you can propose by such a scheme I am at a loss to guess.—However, I shall have curiosity enough to watch the event.

*Flor.* But what do you say to my favourite?

*Char.* I find him exactly what I expected: more fantastic, more nervous, and with a thousand more whims than a fine lady.—Depend on it, if you do marry him, he will, one way or other, forget that you are his wife, and imagine you some strange monster.

*Flor.* Well, as long as he does not imagine himself one, I shall be contented.

*Char.* His absurd nervous fancies about himself are endless.

*Flor.* Yes; but nervous men make the best husbands in the world, and if you grow tired of them, you may fret them to death at any time.—But won't you come and see our contrivance?

*Char.* No, no, I leave you to manage your own scheme; I'll be near the gallery, in the mean time, to give you any assistance that may be requisite, in case of surprise.

*Flor.* Oh, there's no danger.

*Char.* They are just risen from the table, and are gone to take a turn in the garden; I dare say they will be back again presently, so get to your post, and I will give you notice of their return.

*Flor.* I shall be prepared for them. Is there no danger that Woodly should discover us?

*Char.* A look is enough for him.

*Flor.* He deserves kinder ones than you afford him.

*Re-enter WOODLY.*

*Wood.* I have such an advocate in charming Miss Florella, I need not despair.

C

TRIO.



TRIO.—CHARLOTTE, FLORELLA, and  
WOODLY.

Wood. *Ab! believe these plaintive sighs,  
Unceasing still when you appear!  
Tell not me you can despise  
A constant heart and vows sincere.*

Char. *Tell not me that I despise  
A constant heart and vows sincere.*

All. *Faith, in native colours shewn,  
Wins, at length, our yielding heart;  
Pleas'd, an equal flame we own;  
Pleas'd, an equal joy impart.  
Ab! believe, &c.*

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Hall in Sir MATHEW'S House.*

*Enter SOUFFRANCE.*

*Souff.* Where can be de apothecair dat I order to  
bring some medicine for my maitre?

*Enter GOSSIP, with carpenter's tools, a taylor's tape  
and thread hanging about him, and a flannel jacket  
hanging on his arm.*

*Ah! maitre Gossip! do you know any ting of de  
apothecair of your village? I must go bid him send  
de tings to my maitre. (Going).*

*Gossip.* Stay, stay, master Souffrance, I am here,  
I am the apothecary myself.

*Souff.*

*Souff.* Qui ! vous, you be de apothecair ?

*Gossip.* Yes, Mr. Souffrance.—I came here on a little carpentering job for Miss Florella, and so I thought I might as well bring the decoction for your master in my pocket. (*Takes out the phial, then puts it up again.*)

*Souff.* Comment ! you be de barber, apothecair, and carpenter ?

*Gossip.* Dentist and taylor, at your service—ecce signum. (*Shewing the flannel waistcoat.*)

*Souff.* Vat is dat ?

*Gossip.* Vat is dat ! What should it be but a flannel waistcoat, which every Englishman knows is designed for our brave countrymen, who, while we are warm in our shops, defy cold, hardships, and dangers, for the welfare and security of Old England.

*Souff.* Aye, dat is very good.

*Gossip.* I have an hundred bespoke ; and I carry one out with me wherever I go, that I may not lose time in the job ; to which I feel my heart beat so warm, that when I extend my finger and thumb to take my simple allowance of cabbage, the scissars drop from my hand.

*Souff.* But, ma foi, dere be great many trades for one man :—charpenter, dentist, and——

*Gossip.* Yes, I have 'em tooth and nail ; I'll tell you how this happens : Imprimis, shaving—I was born a shaver ; bleeding, you know, follows of course ; tooth drawing comes next. Then I take up my other vocations from motives of convenience : By being an apothecary, I now and then detain my customers a little longer in the village than, perhaps, they would otherwise stay.—And as to the remaining professions, they, as I may say, cut with a double edge : for, first, if my patients recover, I am a taylor, they must have cloaths made in the fashion to appear abroad with, and so, as I may say, I fit them in that way ; and, secondly, if I am so unlucky as to lose any of them, then I

am a carpenter and undertaker, and can finish my own jobb, and so, as I may say, I fit them in that way.

*Souff.* You should be clerk, and sexton, and grave digger, ma foi.

*Gossip.* I should have been so, but those offices are filled up by my brother-in-law.

*Souff.* Oh, dat is convenient ; dat is in de family still.

*Gossip.* Very convenient ; we let nothing go out of the family. Did not you see my sign-board, just under the pole at my door ? The sign of the four outs ?

*Souff.* No ; vat is dat ?

*Gossip.* Gossip : dentist, taylor, apothecary, and carpenter, draws out, cuts out, routs out, and lays out.

*Souff.* Upon my vord you can never be out yourself.

*Gossip.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! very well said. (*Takes out a phial and gives it him*).

*Souff.* Ah ! Vat is in dis bottle vil it not hurt my maitre ?

*Gossip.* Why, do you take me for a goose ? No, no, I take special care never to hurt my nervous customers ; they are my main support in that branch of trade.—I don't get much by them in the carpentering line ; for, though they are always ailing, they never die.—So as I hammer something, that's enough for me.

#### A I R.—GOSSIP.

*When I was a younker, I first was apprentic'd*

*Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy ;*

*I next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentist,*

*Then taylor, good Lord ! then an apothecary.*

*But for this trade or that,*

*Why they all come as pat,*

*They all come as pat,*

*They*



*They all come as pat as they can.  
 For shaving and tooth drawing,  
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,  
 Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man.*

*The' taylor and dentift but awkwardly tether,  
 In both the vocations I still have my savings ;  
 And two of my trades couple rarely together,  
 For barber and carpenter both deal in shavings.  
 So for this trade or that,  
 Why they all come as pat, &c.*

*But blunders will happen in callings so various,  
 I fancy they happen to those who are prouder :  
 I once gave a patient, whose health was precarious,  
 A terrible dose of my best shaving powder.  
 But no matter for that,  
 Why my trades come as pat,  
 My trades come as pat as they can,  
 For shaving and tooth drawing,  
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,  
 Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man.*

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*A Cabinet of Pictures in MEDLEY's House—green  
 Silk Curtains drawn over several of them.*

*Enter VAPOUR, peeping about.*

*Vap.* I've given Sir Mathew the slip, and may now return to the object of my pass—my pass—my passion—my folly. I had better not look at it ; no, no, I'll go back to Sir Mathew—and yet

(*Going returns*). I shall never be easy if I do not look at it. (*Takes the miniature out of his pocket*).—Lovely and adorable creature! that I should have been born three generations after thee! Under that curtain yonder, is the only resemblance of a face I have so often pressed, with rapture, to my heart.—Aye, aye, I'll take one last look and then have done with it for ever. Divine, enchanting—(*Puts the miniature into his pocket, goes to a curtain, which he draws, and discovers the picture of an alderman in a large tye wig*). What's here, an alderman in a wig! Psha! I've mistaken the curtain. (*Draws another curtain, and discovers FLORELLA seated in the frame of the picture, in the dress and attitude of the picture itself, with a guitar in her hand*). Aye, this is it.—Angelick image of——What a fool I am, I could almost persuade myself that it was a reality: it looks more beautiful than when I saw it before, and there is life in the eyes.—Surely my head begins to turn.—Sir Mathew, I suppose, has been making use of his new varnish.—I wish I had not looked at it.—I'll go back to Sir Mathew—(*Going, FLOR. strikes the guitar, and when she sings he seems struck with astonishment, and, with his eyes on FLOR, appears rivetted to the place*). Hark! I could swear I heard her touch the guitar.—My head is certainly turning, or this is some vertigo coming on. How Sir Mathew will laugh at me if he finds me here.

AIR.—FLORELLA.

Say, how can words a passion feign,  
Where love ne'er taught to languish?  
Or, when we own the tyrant's reign,  
What art can veil our anguish?  
The God of Love alike disdains  
To lend his form, or wear our chains.

Enter

Enter SOUFFRANCE.

*Suff.* Monsieur, I beg to know if you would choose—

*Vap.* Oh, my dear Souffrance! I am the happiest creature!

*Souff.* Ah, c'est charmant! vat is dat?

*Vap.* It's alive! it's alive!

*Souff.* Vat's alive! More vims, monsieur.

*Vap.* Whims! you lie, you scoundrel; get out of my sight immediately.

*Souff.* Mais, monsieur—

*Vap.* Get out of my sight. (*Driving SOUFF. out, during which FLOR. unobserved by VAP. retires from her situation, and the picture of the grand-mother is slid down in its place.*)

*Souff.* Vel, n'emporte—more kick, more breeches.

*Exit.*

*Vap.* I will have one kiss of those d'vine lips I am determined, cost what it may. (*Jumps on a chair under the picture.*)

Enter Sir MATHEW, CHARLOTTE, and WOODLY.

*Sir M.* Eh, master Vapour! why where are you?

*Vap.* (*in great agitation*). I don't know, Sir.—This picture, Sir—this angelic picture—(*Turns his eyes towards the picture*). Why hey! the devil! is is not alive? am I in my senses or no? (*Touche the picture with his hand, listens to it, &c. with great surprise*).

*Sir M.* Why what the devil is he at? He smells plaguy close to my varnish: he wants to discover my varnish—to discover that secret. Well, do you guess right? what is it?

*Vap.* (*comes down*). I guess it is—it is not—Upon my soul—ndeed, Sir Mathew, I guess—it seemed—I thought—did you hear it sing?

*Sir M.* Why, Mr. Vapour, you have a singing in your head. I believe you are crazy.

*Vap.*



*Vap.* I believe so, too, Sir Mathew. Have you a strait waistcoat in the house, Sir?

*Sir M.* No; but I have a cork jacket.

*Vap.* Then I can't drown myself.

*Sir M.* For Heaven's sake, Mr. Vapour, what's the matter?

*Vap.* My dear Sir Mathew my head—so giddy—Yes, I am going.

*Sir M.* As long as you remain in this house, Mr. Vapour—

*Vap.* Yes, I am going very fast—I am certainly going.

*Sir M. (aside).* Egad, I begin to wish you were gone—out of my house at least.

*Vap.* Sir Mathew, with your permission, I shall take my leave of you at present, I shall set off directly.

*Sir M.* No, you must not: my neighbours are coming this evening to pay their compliments to you. (*To CHAR.*)—My dear, you had better stay and sit with Mr. Vapour; and now that I am quite at leisure, and have nothing particular to think of, I may as well see that person of whom you spoke to me yesterday. Mr. Vapour, you'll excuse me. A lady did you say it was?

*Char.* So, this is just as could be wished (*aside*). Yes, Sir Mathew, and the lady is at hand—with your leave, I'll introduce her. (*Brings in FLOR.*) She's no stranger to you.

*Sir M.* Hey day! what's this! my grand-mother come out of her frame!

*Vap.* 'Tis she! 'tis she!

*Sir M.* What's she?

*Vap.* Your grand mother, your grand-mother.

*Flor. (kneeling to MEPLEY).* Fearful as I am to look up to you, Sir, let me thus intreat you to pardon the simple indiscretion which—

*Vap. (goes and kneels to Sir M. by FLOR.'s side).* Hold, hold, don't name it.—I conjure you, Sir Mathew, as you ever valued my father's friendship, and not only for his sake, but mine, that whatever juvenile

juvenile indiscretions your grand-mother may have fallen into, you will deign to pardon it, for the love and adoration that I here profess to her.

*Sir M.* Rise, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Vapour.

*Vap.* Impossible: I am rooted, if you deny your forgiveness to your grand-mother.

*Sir M.* The fit's coming on again, I perceive.—Compose your spirits, my dear friend.—The family resemblance, I suppose, between my grand-mother and my niece——

*Vap.* Your niece! your niece, Sir Mathew?

*Sir M.* Aye, my niece, Florella. Mr. Vapour seems strangely interested in all my relations.

*Flor.* Your kind looks, my dear uncle, declare my pardon.

*Vap.* Your uncle! Sir Mathew's niece! But are you really and truly Sir Mathew's niece.

*Flor.* Charlotte will inform you on that point, Sir.

*Vap.* And not Sir Mathew's grand-mother?

*Flor.* Oh no, that I can answer for myself.

*Vap.* My dear Sir Mathew, will you permit me to offer my heart and hand to your grand mother, I mean your niece.

*Sir M.* Why, look'ee, young gentleman, I have too great a regard for you to refuse you my niece's hand, and if you take her, you shall have my grand-mother into the bargain. Little Charlotte, too, looks as if she would have somebody—eh, Woody?

*Wood.* Ah, Sir Mathew, could you prevail on—

*Char.* Nay, nay, for fear I should grow nervous, and fall in love with somebody's grand-father, e'en take me, to prevent such a misfortune.

*Vap.* But what will my divine Florella say to Sir Mathew's goodness?

*Flor.* Sir, you are, as yet, too great a stranger for me to give my decided answer so hastily.—Are you sure you love me?

*Vap.* As sure as you are not a picture.

*Flor.* And that you will love me?

*Vap.*

*Vap.* As long as I live, if it was only for the sake  
of your great grand-mother.

## F I N A L E.

*Flor.* *Tho' now betroth'd in early life,  
I died in days of yore,  
And happy you will take to wife  
A grandam of fourscore.*

*Wood.* *When blest with Charlotte's hand and love,  
We'll kiss till we grow old,  
May she in time a grandam prove,  
But never prove a scold.*

*Both.* *Since wedlock must at last ensue,  
Let's wed, and say no more,  
Our mothers, and our grandams too,  
They all did so before.*

*Vap.* *Soon on my knee a boy may sit,  
And call me dear papa;  
In fifty years some little tis  
May squall out grand-mama.*

*Char.* *Tho' former times were not amiss,  
We're happier in our own:  
The type of England's nuptial bliss  
Now sits upon the throne.*

*Chorus.* *Since wedlock must, &c.*

F I N I S.





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